THE SOBER COMPANION MAGAZINE
BIBLE HISTORY CHART
BIG DADDY
MAYA
ISSUE # 1 APRIL 2026

The sober companion (April 2026)
10 recent poems

1. When will this novel manifest?
2. My own personal pentecost
3. Red gold
4. The poet warrior
5. Whitney Heights
6. Las Cruces fried chicken
7. Ducklings, cats and crocodiles
8. The hobbling firestarter
9. You shine forth
10. The hour of temptation

When will this novel manifest?

Written: 3/8/2026

I've worn out many shoes and boots,
Dodged men and women with despicable tastes.
At 37 Jesus still grants me breaths,
Yet the creativity stays flowing from this stream.

I've blazed one in an old fireplace,
And wrote with a blue pen like a needle in the air.
I lose sight and interest even with free time,
Earnest, how in the world did you do this?

My own personal pentecost

Written: Nov/24/2025

Sandy pit pockets.
A hand slid down into
a western buyer's mine.
I pray for the hate to go away.
A golden fawn walks out as a
silver hawk flies off a cactus.
The Lord commanded me:
"Relax and rest".
He has a bunch of elect that refuse
to bow the knee to the baals.

hanukkah comes but I delight
by removing all the candles.
My coworker connected with me
over our love for the
Sonic adventure 2 battle soundtrack.
That's all I needed to not quit
being a glorified

receptionist.

Red gold

Written: 12/13/2025

Vado,

at the community park with

my back to the horizon.

Dirt devils hits my eyeballs and makes me

spit.

No one seeks me or loves me here.

None know about my poems

where exquisite diamonds hung from

my old balcony.

Walking around the center

with giant bugs flying around

and dirt mounds flying

getting stuck in my throat

and blinding my eyes.

Then sitting in my car

with my new king james bible

and praying away the natives

curses that bind and control

Southern New Mexico.

Then, what feels off

then turns into an invisible attack.

Coming like a black vortex

left and right.

Removing my badge off my chest the

govt gave me

and the thoughts that told me

being a security guard is important.

As God blocked the attack

I remembered feeling more

watery and red like a refreshing IV while in

El Paso.

As American soldiers will play out

later marching on the streets of Venezuela

singing the mickey mouse club theme song

with rifles,

marching next to lines of 20 feet

tall napalm

I'll see these things inside myself

and wonder after catching my breath

and allowing the hours of my shift

fall back into

sheer boredom.

The poet warrior

Written: 12/2/2025

To grab a woman who's about to walk into a train.
A man who is willing to make the ultimate sacrifice
But like shakespeare can stroke a paintbrush of vermillion
Onto the ultimate entertainment craft.

Willing to live out his nickname of being a 'good duker'
Or willing to stand with those that hold long knives
And wait for the day they can use them by slicing a skull
Just like taking a bite from a pineapple.

With a fist he defends as mindlessly as he writes poems.
A man who can recite the poems of Pablo neruda to his wife
With the next day him showing his actions of turning the
Streets to a gigantic mma cage.

To knock out someone with a sword instead of ending them.
Showing what you mean by Christ's definition of meekness.
So he disconnects when he clocks out but always has his
Gun ready with a red light sitting on his kitchen table.

Whitney Heights

Written: 11/28/2025

I looked at Wayne's CD's while he made us hot coffee in his small kitchen.
" Hawthorne heights? Why the hell do you have this?" I said.
"They're pretty cool buddy." he responded while he poured boiling
Hot water into our glasses.

I never realized how much this man would have an effect on me.
He comes up in memory a lot, especially while at work.
We reconnected on facebook 10 years ago for a moment
But being his faith in lucifer I knew I had to stay away.

Though I was more devout to the dark lord than he was
He was one of my few friends that didn't bully me or
Treat me like garbage in high school.
We sat and drank the coffee he made into custom sugar bombs.

We felt we we're the counts of Hayward, soaring high on Whiteny heights.
Feeling high on our own superegos as I put on my CZW dvd.
His mother was at work doing whatever she did and I told him
"We need to rip all the catholic pics and crosses off the walls." which
He rejected fearing his mother would beat him.

Las Cruces fried chicken

Written: 11/27/2025

I invented my own holiday last year
In the last moments before leaving Phoenix AZ
About things that would've been served at thanksgiving
But with my own spin.

We settled on Jan 9th and I don't remember why?
After watching a video on the history channel
About how a woman was so devout that she sent in letters
For 14 years to the white house demanding the holiday.

I wouldn't have done the same.
My wife made my bizarre meal request which tasted good.
And 3 months later we packed, thoroughly cleaned and said our goodbyes
Heading to a state known for it's massive KFC's.

I lost the paper where I wrote out all the food for
Essentially thanksgiving 2 in the cold of January.
And though this couldn't be better except the lack of my friends and family
The kernel failed in most his life up until the age of 40.

Ducklings, cats and crocodiles

Written: 11/10/2025

The enemy of my enemy is my friend.
So then the inmates are for me?
Or maybe not.
Am I my own enemy?
How I pace the rooms of my new house
making religious-like divots in the tile.
I guess that's a good question to ponder.
Self-isolation as I have in this pod.
The passing of black and grey thoughts.
While pacing I saw a butterfly charm last night
lying on my new kitchen floor.
Thought of friends and enemies
lost in time.
That Saturday afternoon when I thought about
breaking my freedom to assault an old friend upon
the shrine of tobit for the sake of revenge.
Now-a-days I have no enemies.
Even surrounded by cells housing maniacs,
monsters, criminals, car jackers and parole violators.
Everyone around me loves me.

If I was born in the animal kingdom I'd
be a capybara sitting with the
ducklings, cats and crocodiles.
The beautiful late night
with a computer screen in front of me
shines well and they are all asleep.
And I ask: "Am I ignorant? Knowing
more about Las Cruces than I should?"
For the man who's friends make friendly enemies
Seemingly gauche and unabridged.
I wink and say hush to confuse
only the company of myself.

The hobbling firestarter

Written: 11/7/2025

The citizens Paul wished Christ would burn down their
houses of sin as he shared the secrets of the gospel jewels.

For rumors that spread they expected a nuclear pentecost;
a big strong pastor to regenerate men's souls.

A leader in a glowing white robe who could wipe
with his words the kabal and star of remphan.

His sight was a trial to their expectations, a super apostle
like Saul assumed; when he was possibly hobbling
possibly limping with a cane.

He preached and they received, to write the Galatia visit
on his laundry list.

The journey continue for another day.

You shine forth

Written: Sept/27/2025

I have nothing that i'm waiting for this time.
No errands to run,
no odd jobs to suck the tit of.
The bugs walked off me and gathered out on the highways.
So, how do we shine forth?
You know and I know that God has won the battle.
Though suffering is apart of life we manage it not run from it and now I can accept that.
I've come to the realization that Tucson, AZ is my motherland.
The tears have stopped streaming.
I was crying out to Dad and He would tell me things late at night in the guest room at my in-laws:
"You are my beloved". and "With you and Regina I am well pleased."
When at a restaurant in New Mexico she told me God was placing a white shawl around my shoulders to comfort me.
I could see it last night.
I trusted God's plan and will trust it for this next adventure
for the 37th chapter.
There really is a silver lining.
There really is need and wants and desires with a hand on the cool grey stone.
This life can be majestic and beautiful.
We can see the A mountain in the desert
and accept that one day 15 years in the past that
we'll shine forth.

The hour of temptation

Written: 9/22/2025

If you declare the Heavenly Father's glory with your waking breath;
as the greatest on high! For every morning?
Then you'll gain His knowledge and wisdom.
But, on the despondent day: Tuesday, I fall
into the hours of temptation.
Even after my own private declaration.
Then I remember how millions blame God for this and that.
Is the 'invisible hand' keeping you down?
Or do I believe that us pawns allow our own removals.
They fall below the separators into steel and chaos
where the leprosy grows lower than the walls.
Capricornus the laughing god pulls the strings of those who
bang against the flaming panels of poverty
and believe this life is a carnival of flailing body parts.
Life is a circus but not a joke.
Entertainment and the world’s valor blinds.
The lovely act of repentance is shared
And we climb out while cutting the strings off.
With red beating eyes we dust off for the next day
And watch from a far Capricorn to instill his

Power, supply and demand.